

B.A.R.

free

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CONGRATULATIONS TO THE FOX EMPEROR IV OF SAN FRANCISCO

Mike ("The Fox") Caringi was elected Emperor IV of San Francisco, and everyone was there. They came from Alaska in the north, and from San Diego in the south.

Photo by Eddie Van

There were three campaigning for the title this year: Mike Caringi, Mike Delaney and Hector Navarro. Caringi and Navarro were the closest contenders, and it was a close vote, with "The Fox" winning by only 11 votes.

From the Cable Car Court to the Realm of the Fox. It was the largest turnout so far for the voting and for the Coronation itself. A good omen for the new Emperor. We wish him luck and offer our sincerest Congratulations!

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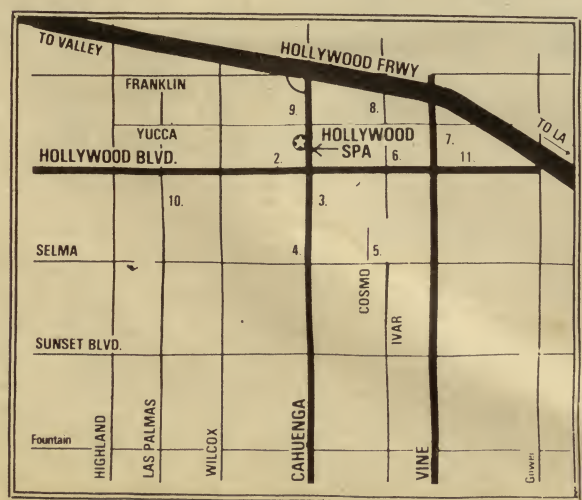
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B.A.R.

Gay Support For Joan Little

Several weeks ago, Joan (pronounced JoAnne) Little, a 21 year old Black woman from North Carolina, was acquitted of murder. While in jail on appeal of a breaking and entering charge, Joan had fought back against being raped by a white jailer. She fled the prison after the struggle, leaving her attacker in her cell — his pants off, covered with semen, and stabbed by his own weapon, an ice pick.

Many groups contributed to the national effort to raise support for the freedom of Joan Little, including third world, woman's and gay community groups. In the San Francisco Bay Area, women from Gente, a third world women's group, the Berkeley Oakland Women's Union, the Jewish Lesbian Gang and many other groups worked to put together the Save Joan Little Committee as early as April of this year. The committee was responsible for raising over \$5000. Joan Little won the support of Bay Area Gay Liberation (BAGL) and over \$140 was raised for her defense at a meeting of that group. Then members of a new gay men's political group which described itself as socialist, the June 28th Union, spent three weeks talking to people on the streets of gay neighborhoods and outside gay bars, and the collected more funds for her defense. In addition, a broad range of gay organizations were contacted and their members took up collections.

In all, over \$5400 was raised through these efforts in the Bay Area and sent to North Carolina. According to Fern Egan, a member of the June 28th Union, "The money was an important act of support. But just as important was the political support voiced for Joan Little. Wherever we went people knew about the case, and welcomed the chance to do something about it. It was real interesting doing this on the streets of Folsom, Polk, the Tenderloin, in downtown Oakland and at the Castro Street Fair. Of those who stopped to talk with us, the response was overwhelmingly positive."

"A lot of people recognized that the government's attempt to convict Joan Little for successfully defending herself was a clear case of racism and sexism, and supported a black woman fighting back against that. Also many gay people saw issues in the case that face our community as well. Police sweeps, harassment of women's bars and last year of BoJangles, the beatings and killings of gay people on the streets are all a part of the same problem. Several gay men even told us about their experiences of having been raped in prison."

The factors largely responsible for Joan Little's acquittal were the broad national (and international) support she received, and the raising of the hundreds of thousands of dollars necessary for a costly, effective legal defense. The state of North Carolina couldn't get away with railroading her case through the courts, as in thousands of other cases across the country, the poor, third world people, women and gays who don't have such resources or this kind of popular support face severe prison sentences from a judicial system which does not treat them fairly or equally.

Here in California, for instance, Inez Garcia was given an indeterminate sentence, extending to life imprisonment, for killing a man who helped rape her. She is preparing an appeal of her

conviction and will need the people's support to get a fair hearing and win her freedom. (Contribution can be sent to VIVA INEZ, c/o Cummings & Jordan, 96 Jessie St., S.F. CA 94105)

The victory in the Joan Little case was not just a personal victory. It shows that by uniting forces, we can protect ourselves against sexist and racist attacks. The victory must be preserved and extended through continued struggle.

Mark Freeman

Concerned Citizens Of California Committee Report

At a meeting on Aug. 3, 1975, the Committee resolved to refund the unspent portion of the fund raised to defeat the Coalition of Christian Citizens referendum drive. Approximately \$3,000 will be returned pro rate to the donors within thirty days.

Members of the Organizing Committee from Southern California and the Bay Area also heard a final report from Winner, Wagner and Associates (WW), the campaign management firm hired by the Committee. The most important activities accomplished by WW were the recruitment, training, assignment, and activation of monitors for over 40 of California's 58 counties. These monitors made sure that each county registrar did not certify invalid petitions to the Secretary of State. Additionally, the firm had contacted over fifty prominent Californians, not identified with the gay community, to create very broad-based opposition to the referendum, in case it qualified. WW was in daily contact with the office of the Secretary of State, the Attorney General, and the Fair Political Practices Commission. The massive amount of paperwork required by California's new election reform law was WW's responsibility, as well. All of these activities plus a contingency plan provided the insurance that, should the referendum have qualified, a successful campaign could have been launched against it immediately. The Organizing Committee thanked QQ for discharging their responsibilities at a most reasonable fee. They noted that WW did not receive compensation for its work after the referendum failed, even though considerable administration still went on.

The Organizing Committee also voted formally to dissolve Concerned Voters of California as a legal entity. They agreed to continue as an ad hoc informal group and to invite other participations. The purpose of continuing will be to maintain effective organization and finances for future political concerns to gay men and women.

The Organizing Committee was composed of Doug DeYoung, Chairperson, Terence K. O'Brien, Secretary, David B. Goodstein, Treasurer, The Reverend James Sandmire, Newton Deiter, Bob Thompson, Bob Crane, Hoy Fowler, Lucia Chapell, Jo Daly, Bud Flounders, and Ron Smith. The Honorable Willie L. Brown, Jr., was Chairperson of Concerned Voters of California, and Jules Glayer was Treasurer. Each member pledged a minimum of \$500 to the anti-referendum campaign, and David B. Goodstein, Publisher of "The Advocate" agreed to contribute up to \$6,000 on a matching basis. In fact, he had contributed \$3,000 when it became obvious that the referendum was not

going to qualify. Contributions to the Committee, as a result of the Committee's efforts and one advertisement in "The Advocate," raised over \$10,500 from over 250 people from all over the United States. Each donor will receive a financial report with his or her refund.

Concerned Voters of California was organized by a group of gay and non-gay citizens on June 6, 1975, to oppose the referendum drive launched by a few Fundamentalist Christian Churches and Mormons to overturn the consensual-sex-in-private legislation (AB 489) passed by the California Legislature this year.

Alice B. Endorses:

The Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club has endorsed three candidates for supervisor in the Nov. 4 city election: Robert Mendelsohn, John Molinari and Joyce Ream.


Each received more than 75% of the membership vote Sept. 9 at Church Street Station. Sixty % was required for

endorsement.

The Toklas group had been addressed by 15 candidates for supervisor the preceding three months. The club heavily, though not exclusively, the likely effectiveness of each candidate in representing gay issues on the Board of Supervisors. In addition, their attitude on women, minorities, the aged and city finances received sharp focus.


Incumbents Mendelsohn and Molinari were judged by the club as having consistently supported gay rights issues during their terms of office. Ream, vice-president of the local PTA, was considered influential in persuading the San Francisco Mental Health Board to pass resolutions favorable to gay people when she was one of its commissioners.

The three supervisorial endorsees will join other Toklas-supported candidates as special guests at a fund-raising reception Friday, Sept. 26 at 7:30 to 9:30 pm., 258 Edgewood Avenue. A \$5.00 donation is suggested. Toklas previously endorsed George Moscone for mayor, Richard Hongisto for sheriff and Carol Ruth Silver for district attorney.



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Letters to The Editor

Letter to the Editor - A reply to the one by Clark Taylor, Jr.

Editor:

With great amusement I read the letter of a person purporting to be the "professor on one occasion" of George Raya, the registered lobbyist for the Society for Individual Rights. George must have been about 18 years of age when this Clark Taylor, Jr. was his "professor one one occasion." Verrrry interesting! I agree with him that George Raya is handsome, and that he is intelligent, and that George is quite thin, and that George has worked quite hard for his selected gay causes in Sacramento. But, what has physical appearance got to do with anything, unless you are an "ageist," and a "sexist"! For that certainly was the tone of the letter of this Clark Taylor, Jr. person.

The letter was filled with distortions, half-truths, and downright lies! And that is why I ask that the record be set straight (No pun intended)!

First Mr. Taylor says that he has no personal axe to "grind with me" and then proceeds to try and rip me into a million pieces. Typical of his kind!

Truth One

George Raya may have been instrumental in helping obtain the right for a gay organization to exist at Sacramento State. But, the letter mis-leads, as several of our State-operated schools still will not allow gay groups officially on campus. So, George Raya has not been the savior of the college students all over the State.

Truth Two

George Raya is slim, and this can attributed to two things: his youth and proper eating.

Truth Three

I am heavy, and this is due to several medical reasons which I shall not go into (as I am not in a beauty contest). But, if this professor would look into the sociological conditions of poor people, and particularly those who cannot afford to eat well, or properly, but must eat on a survival basis, he would know that at least 45% of the poor are overweight due to eating what is called "junk food."

and that being poor and fighting for equal rights sexually as gay people, and fighting the war on slumlords, and the war on rent gouging landlords, leaves little time to go about trying to be a "pretty boy" as George Raya is.

Truth Four

The picketing of the Willie Brown Dinner in 1971 was for very good reasons, as Jim Foster, George Raya's mentor, was in charge of this lavish affair at the San Franciscan Hotel. The price was outrageous, \$12.50 a ticket (in 1971) and he, Jim Foster, had control of who did and did not purchase tickets. At that time, S.I.R. as it has once again today become, was a "pissy-group of elitist faggots." And SIR would not allow poor gays the use of the SIR Center at that time, nor did SIR have any community services, except for the middle-class, and SIR then treated hustlers and drag-queens with great disdain. This was under the Bill Plath-Jim Foster regime. It is little better under the current administration except that they are now doing token community services, and have "ripped off" the tax-payers money for jobs for the disabled program. Can't you just see all those wheel chairs rolling up and down the stairs, and the blind people climbing the stairs there on "skidrow?" Wow, what a rip-off

But, the demonstration which led to the formation of several new gay groups in the city, which ended once and for all, the domination of gay politics in our city by SIR, proved to be one of the best things that happened to our city.

Truth Five

And as far as the Willie Brown bill, many gaypeople then, as now, were never advocates of the bill, as it was only a token measure and we are first class citizens and then as now, we are tired of being treated with tokenism by Assem blymember Willie Brown. After all, look at the record, how many people have been arrested in California and convicted of sexual acts between consenting persons in private!!!

I wanted then, as today, the abolition of all laws regarding oral copulation (288a) and sodomy (286)! And we all tried to tell Willie Brown so, but he wouldn't listen, he would only listen to Jim Foster and SIR who praised him for his tokenism. We could not gain an audience with Willie, so we picketed him, and SIR at the same time.

After all, Willie Brown, as a black person, would not settle for token

legislation for black peoples rights, so why in the hell should we as proud gay people settle for less than full rights for us?

In closing, I too hope that George Raya does not become discouraged at criticism and quit. For I should hope that he would listen to his critics and try and work out grounds for mutual agreement instead of hiding behind the Foster-Goodstein mantle of protection. I do not want George Raya to quit, but I do want him to say exactly which groups he represents when he speaks, exactly as I do when speaking publicly.

Stick to teaching Mister Clark Taylor, Jr., and I shall stick to what I am doing, and we shall all in our own ways work to bring about sexual freedom, as well as freedom from all types of oppressive legislation and oppressive politicians.

None of us are free until all people are free, and until there is equality for all peoples, the poor, the disabled, the races, all peoples, and this is what we should be working for... and end to the corporate conglomerates which rule our nation (the Rockefeller, etc.) and the government is in the hands of all the people.

R.B. (Raymond Broshears)

Editor:

I want, through the courtesy of your paper, to thank Mr. Clark L. Taylor, Jr., for his fine letter in the September 5th issue.

I too, was very concerned after reading the lead article of August 21st on the Fresno meeting of the so called 'leaders' of the gay community. Who gave them the mandate? - I certainly didn't - or many of my friends, in fact all the many people I am in contact with were embarrassed that Fresno had to put up with the shennanigans of Ray Broshears and his ilk - and you can put an 'M' in front of that if you wish!

I have read the press on the activities of George Raya in Sacramento and elsewhere and I am indebted to him for his gentlemanly but fearless efforts on behalf of all of us - efforts which have paid off and which, I am sure, had the legislators been dealing with such people as the Schizoid Broshears we would have never have gotten any way near getting the Willie Brown Bill passed.

I don't know George Raya

personally - and I did once personally thank him for his efforts on behalf of the community and we had quite a pleasant chat - an encounter that I thought would lead to at least a nodding acquaintance which it hasn't, but that is all part of the gay mentality - we are NOT involved as 'brothers' and 'sisters' as so many of the frenetic fringe would have us believe.

I do think the time has come when we of the community have to decide a little more positively on the people who are going to speak for us - I would hope that people like George Raya and Tom Edwards would gain legislative seats in office and speak intelligently and eloquently for us all - and especially a VERY large section of the community who are so disgusted with Broshears & Co. that their performances are sending many of us back into the closet. Why can't Broshears find another gay community to 'lead' - preferably one far, far away from San Francisco.

Ray Sil Broshears Nyet!!

/s/ Ian James

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LAW IN ACTION

WORKING PARTY - NO DRINK- on the job.

The boss was a reformed alcoholic, and told his employees he would not tolerate drinking. But he wanted to be a "nice-guy" boss. He was generous to his employees. Throughout the year he would sponsor office parties.

Ron Rummy, a worker, organized the Christmas office party. The refreshments started at noon and there was no work done for the rest of the day even though they were all given full pay. Ron even drove home for more liquor when they ran out. The party broke up at 7:00 pm and Ron started to drive home, hit a tree and was killed. Ron's widow filed for workmen's compensation death benefits. She claimed that Ron's death arose out of his employment, the same as if he were injured while working.

The court agreed. When the boss authorizes or encourages after work gathering and partying he will be liable for injuries that arise out of such activities.

In another case, the bank sent Aldrich, one of its employees, to a convention in New York. He went to many cocktail parties, got drunk, picked up a woman and took her to this hotel room. There he had more drinks, fell asleep while smoking. Aldrich and the woman burned to death. Aldrich's widow filed for compensation. The bank claimed that the activity was purely personal, that his death occurred while drinking, partying and engaging in non-business activities. The court ruled that the banker was on a business trip and all those activities that might be expected to occur during that time were part of his job. The widow was entitled to compensation.

Occasionally the boy may sponsor a company recreational team, and if the injury occurs during paid recreational periods, that is part of the employment.

Some is true of "horseplay." Generally this is not part of one's employment. But if it is condoned by the employer or tolerated without objection, the employer is liable for injuries arising out of that horseplay.

firemen are immune

Mel Meany was not known as a grateful person. When fire broke out in his home, firemen came, put out the fire, and one risked his life to rescue Mel from his burning home. Mel claimed that one of the firemen was too rough and injured him!

The court threw out his case. The fire department and firemen are immune from liability when engaged in fire-fighting activities. The law restricting liability is broad. Except for certain vehicle code injuries that might be caused by a fire truck or car, there is no liability for damages caused in fighting fires.

The firemen may trample on your petunias during a blaze on your neighbor's home. They may even blow up your home to stop the blaze from burning an entire block. Water may damage your home while stopping another fire. In each case the fire department and the government are not liable. The fire department is not liable for damage while working at fire prevention or fire fighting.

In one case, the fire marshal was checking fire hydrants. The valves were not turned back on. As a result fire destroyed a nearby home because the

water wasn't there when needed. The fire department was not liable.

Smaller communities may not even have a fire department. The community isn't liable for not having adequate fire, protection service, sufficient personnel or better fire fighting equipment.

Emergency vehicles such as fire trucks, police cars or ambulances are entitled to many privileges of the road, but may not be reckless or negligent. The object of the ambulance, police car, or fire truck is to get to its destination to protect the public — not to increase injuries. So a Violation of the training rules, safety requirements of the department, or a general failure to use proper case **does** make the government liable.

The government also has the duty to supervise its employees when operating a vehicle.

"The Gay Detectives"

Since the killings of three persons, two in the south of Market St. area, there has arisen a rash of "gay detectives," some with a Brand "S" newspaper. And they, ignoring the fact that people have been killed, preferred to apologize for the police for their absolute failure to obtain concrete leads in the killings, but choose instead, to attack other concerned gaypeople.

It really "hurts" when a mouthy homicide inspector finds his mouthy words put into print. For the inspector is embarrassed, embarrassed that he has no real leads, embarrassed that his unit (homicide) has a tragically poor record when it comes to solving homicides in the gay community. While many people will not come forth to the police inspectors and tell them anything, they will come forth and tell others such as

publisher Bob Ross of BAR and others, for they do not want to deal with the police, for various reasons.

It is a shame that any gay person (that is, if they are really gay and not a homosexual pretending to be liberated), could possibly find any logical grounds to defend the investigative ability of the homicide unit of the San Francisco Police Department.

The SFPD Homicide Unit has the worst record, percentage-wise, in solving homicides, of any major police department in North America. They have a couple of men who do work tirelessly, but the majority of them are strictly out for the money.

Detective work in the SFPD itself is almost non-existent. Have you ever called the police about a robbery, a burglary, or an assault and gotten positive results? I dare say seldom if ever have you gotten the SFPD to do something positive in the way of solving

(Continued Next Page)



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crimes (arresting hustlers and prostitutes and t-room crimes is not "solving crime.")!

And the "gay apologists," they are the worst of the gay-set in our city, as they try to blame every crime in the gay community upon the straight community. Five years ago this would have been fairly valid, but no longer. And as Brand "S" newspaper reporters have even tried to tie the Gresham beating thugs into the south of Market slayings, this just shows you how far out the "gay apologists" will go, to prove that gay people do not kill, that gaypeople do not steal, that gaypeople are not drug addicts, etc. Gaypeople are human beings, and they do wrong just as much as do any other group of people. It is time for the "gay apologists" to get with it, and get on the back of the SFPD homicide unit, and create enough heat to where they will conduct a forceful and meaningful investigation into the murders.

While certain mouthy homicide inspectors are "caught with their pants down" so to speak, and are shocked to find what they say quoted in print (they are used to dealing with the Chronicle-Examiner namby-pambies), they have said a lot more than has been printed. And most of what they have said it quite evil towards homosexuality, as most in the homicide unit are extremely anti-gay, something which Brand "S" newspaper reporters could never find out about, as they are too busy playing "gay detective" and "kissing ass" with the San Francisco Police Department.

If you take the front pages of Brand "S" newspaper going back a year, you will find some shocking things, headlines about a murder at Land's End, at the beach, in Tenderloin Hotel/apartments, in Golden Gate Park, and yet, not one of them have been solved, that is so right, not one of the gay killings have been solved by our fearless San Francisco Police Department. In the last issue of

BAR, a mouthy inspector was "partially" quoted, for if he had been quoted in toto, it would have been sickening. But, what was attributed to the inspector is just what the inspector said. But, if it caused embarrassment to certain gay businesses south of Market, BAR does indeed apologize, and this writer in particular. But, when people are being killed, apologies should not be necessary. For the only really important thing is that people are being killed, and the police and those in the know, are not doing much about it.

Recently several south of Market gay businesses got together to damn the various people printing about the killings, saying that "it was bad on their businesses"! Well, tough shit! The killings are bad for the health of those being killed! Did you "gay apologists" ever think of that? And, without publicity, killers are seldom ever caught, and since the big publicity trips, things seem to be hopefully cooling off.

The south of Market gay businesses who are upset about the publicity from the papers, should join with them in trying to create enough noise and heat that the killings will stop and the killers caught instead of crying about their declining profits!

When the Tenderloin killings took place, you found the north of Market gay business community joining together with the gay press and shouting and stamping to catch the killers, they didn't cry about declining profits; all they cared about was ending the killings anyway possible. The SFPD homicide bureau was little or no help in those two killings either, for they remain unsolved, but there have been no killings after the big publicity splash either.

A reward of \$3,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the killers still stands. Please, if you have any leads whatsoever, contact either the SFPD homicide unit, Inspector Toschi (553-1154) or if you don't want to talk to the SFPD, call Bob Ross, publisher of BAR at 861-5019.

Help catch the killers before the killers catch up with you!

BYR.B.

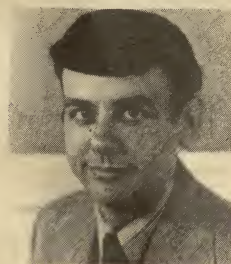
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"AHHEM"
"COUGH"**

**"I HEAR
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SMOKING"**

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LLOYD TAYLOR for Supervisor Committee
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Milk Forum

By Harvey Milk

When you gain a friend, gain him through testing, and do not trust him hastily. For there is a friend who is such at his own convenience, but will not stand by you in your day of trouble....In your prosperity he will make himself your equal....but if you are brought low, he will turn against you. (Strach 6: 7-11)

At the Coronation of the Emperor last weekend, candidate after candidate for public office showed up just to be introduced. In fact, there are very few gay events where a line-up of people running for public office doesn't stand up, asking for our votes. Some comments on this:

First - more and more people running for major public office are feeling more and more at ease and are aggressively seeking our support and our votes. They do realize that we offer a large potential vote: if it could ever function as a whole, it would be a major block vote in this city. This is good for the gay movement. The bridge between our two communities will be much more solidly built when there are no feelings of being uneasy. It is an important bridge that must be built, and we must do our part to welcome into our community, those who seek our votes - even if there is disagreement with their political views. But, what we must learn is to not become "groupies" and flock to a candidate just because that person says "nice" things to us. The time has long come that we should get their support of our legislation if they want out votes.

Case in point: not one supervisor stood up for the gay point of view when the Board recently passed a bill on the solitation of funds by charitable organizations. Every one of the Supervisors was aware that the gay community was solidly against this bill. We received no help. Not **one** vote for our point of view. All we get passed are Resolutions; or, if there is no opposition from non-gays, then, only do we get what we originally suggested. The time has long come for our supervisors to be told that if they vote against us on what we consider important issues, they can not expect us to support them. For many in the gay community, the time has not **yet** come for that view. But that philosophy is developing strongly in many more people and the sooner the better, for the entire gay community and not for just a few.

The candidates' attendance at gay events is a case that I have discussed earlier in the current mayor's race. The major reason that both Milton Marks and George Moscone attended the Emperor's Coronation is that many gays - like many non-gays - have not yet made a decision for whom to vote for. Had the entire gay community already jumped upon the bandwagon of one of the candidates, there would be no reason whatsoever for the other candidate to even bother showing up. As long as most gay persons remain uncommitted, we will have ready access to the major candidates for mayor. As soon as we go one way or the other, we lose our ability to "talk" with all of the candidates. The longer the gay community reserves that decision, the better the gay movement becomes. Maybe it is asking for too much - but, any minority that has been denied so much for so long, has the right to ask for

some overcompensation - maybe it is indeed time, that in order for a mayoral candidate to count on the gay vote, that person should make a **solid** promise that a gay will be appointed to the police commission. If all candidates are asked every time they appear in the gay community, "Will you appoint a gay to the police commission?" the message may hit home. But that question must be asked over and over, whenever we are "blessed" with the appearance of a major candidate for mayor. If we are told: "Maybe" . . . repeat the question. If we are told that they do not believe in the quota system, then ask if they will appoint three gays to the three person commission. I think that the gay community has suffered too much for too long from police commissions of their past. It is **not** too much to ask that just for once, one position be granted to a community that has never had its voice

heard - in fact, just the opposite.

Another part of the candidates coming to gay events: We see them more and more at different places; someday we might see them at the "open" gay events. Not one candidate for the office of mayor participated in the Gay Day Parade - they all had excuses. How many will participate in the Columbus Day Parade?

When the major conflict arose before the Board of Education over the hiring of gay teachers, with hundreds of gays present and the television cameras rolling, did any of our "friends" on the Board of Supervisors or any of the candidates for mayor attend? These people are becoming more and more at ease in front of entirely **gay** audiences, but they are still camera-shy. That is a situation we both must improve.

Two years ago, Supervisor Molinari, speaking at a Tavern Guild meeting held at the Round-Up, was debating district election of supervisors. He stated that the **only** reason he was interested in gay issues and the gay

community was because he represented the city at large; and, if he represented only the people of St. Francis Woods, where there were not so many gays, he would not be concerned with gay issues. The gay community must work to change that way of thought. We must extend invitations to our meetings to more and more elected officials. The bridge must be strengthened until every supervisor will **want** to be in our Gay Day Parade, rather than wanting **NOT** to be in it.

The increase in gay democratic clubs is building that bridge. The gay business organizations are building that bridge. The gay social services are building that bridge. Other circumstances, also. It is important that we reach out and increasingly welcome more non-gay leaders into our community, so, when important issues arise, such as the teachers discrimination case, we see these leaders fighting at our side, in front of the general public and unafraid of their stands being televised. **Then**, they will have indeed earned our votes.



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Brother Bizarre's Gaze

By Mark Owens

The Day After The Center Closed Part Two

"Cardinal Spellman is relating love and giving to others, and Christ is confused, because He's been through Spanish Harlem. And He would wonder what forty Puerto Ricans were doing living in one room, while Spellman's got a ring on worth eight grand."

—Lenny Bruce, from
"Christ and Moses"

The Open Hand Gay Self-Help Center closed down yesterday. There was talk about re-opening the Center with some modifications, but that wouldn't be happening for a while. So in the meantime, Queensville's only

social/community center was located within the headquarters of the venerable Proponents of Individual Growth Society.

It was there that David Anygay found himself bright and early the next morning. He trembled a bit before entering, and wondered why. Was it because of that job counselor here who told him that all he was good for was posing nude? David decided that was it, and consoled himself with the fact that that particular "counselor" was no longer there, since he recently took up his post as chief hawk for a newspaper company. Feeling better about the whole matter, he then went in, climbed up the 28 steps that led to the front office and started looking over the information pamphlets that he found there.

"Excuse me, sir," David inquired of the man behind the office window.

"Yes," he said as he came up to the window, looking slightly annoyed over having his game of dominoes interrupted. He was a fairly short fellow, with tousled red hair. He wore stick-on badge that read, "HELLO! I'M Harry Lazie."

"I'd like some information about your Community Service Group."

Harry eyed him wearily and then flatly said, "Are you **somebody**?"

"My name is David Anygay," he said, a bit confused by Harry's question.

"What's your **other** name?"

"Other name?"

Harry looked impatient. Your **drag** name, your **title**, your **nom de plume**!" Looking suspiciously at David, he asked, "What bars do you go to?"

"I don't go to any bars."

"I see. Then I don't suppose that you voted for Heathcliffe Nararone for Emperor last week, either, did you?"

"I didn't vote."

"Oh, you're one of **those**," Harry said, condescendingly. "Well, I'm sorry David, but we don't think that you

would quite fit in with our group of dedicated, hardworking personnel. This is a prestigious organization, as you might well imagine, and we just don't feel that you meet our traditionally high standards..."

"What standards?" David asked quietly. "Just because I don't dress in drag, or go to bars, or spend my time being rude to people?"

Harry exploded. "What the hell do you mean, rude? Do you know who you're talking to? I'm Harry Lazie, mister, the head of the Proponents of Individual Growth Saints! I carry a lot of weight around here, and I can swing it where I please! I can ruin you in this city if I want to; just try and see! I can... where do you think you're going? Don't you dare leave when I'm talking to you, or I'll, I'll..."

Lee DeShipp, president of the organization, was coming up the steps as David Anygat was going down. David paused for a moment to listen to the conversation at the top of the steps.

"Harry! Harry, guess what?" came Lee's voice. "I was out selling tickets for the Gay All-Stars Bowling Match, and I must've had **seven** people come up to me and say, 'Funny, you don't LOOK Gay!' Terrific, huh?"

David went out the door shaking his head slowly, but had a secret smile on his face. He had expected as much; after all, last year's president refused to use his real last name for fear of exposure, and... he pondered over the name of the group, and discovered that it made an amusing acronym:

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The Men In My Life

By Paul-Francis Hartmann

It has been said that making the cover of **Time** is officially "making it" in America — the last rung on some dream ladder of success. Recently we Gays were so honored (for the second time in six years) and Main St. America belied up to a cover story of multiple treats:

On the one hand mild titillations, via a peep-show squint into the murky shadows of the **demi-monde**. On the other, solid support for Straight righteousness and repugnance (How lucky you are, not to have turned out that way). Add to these the bon bons of alarm and apprehension (Take care, Mr. U.S.A., to protect your kiddies and don't let those queers go too far). And while filling these three bowls, a few fish for the emerging fairies. What more could any editor wish for: a feature article that could simultaneously alarm, excite, and reassure the family folks, while compassioning the lepers.

I couldn't help but wonder if the

Senior Editors didn't have to wrestle with major dilemmas. "Are we being too bold this time?" Or from another salt pillar, "Is the public ready for this kind of fluff?" From the circulation experts, "Will the issue be a newsstand dud?" From the theologians in residence, "Will we further unravel the loosening weave of national morality?" Thankfully within days Lynette Fromme stole the thunder out from under everyone's basket, and we could all regurgitate the Manson bulge in peace.

Time takes space to let its readers know (**ad nauseam**) that major stories, whatever their merits or after shocks, are never frivolous choices. The magazine is a serious participant in and procurer for America; this medial bell weather is not just another cracked pot or pretty cover girl. The Gays are popping off, and far be it from **Time** to back away from the heart break of prickling heat. If Bette Midler could adventure into goosy

Baths, the water shouldn't be too hot for a **Time** gossiping.

So too, the publishers recognize the responsibilities of Power. For years now, have we ever had less than a temperate **Time**. Gays ought to be thankful that the Oval Office of letters can no longer afford to lose it temper. **Time**, albeit the 7th Ave of journalism fashioning ready-to-wear thinking for millions, sees itself as a national arbiter of taste and morals. Its impact cannot be ignored. If it could help unseat a President, surely it could help hold at bay the faggot peril.

My only surprise with the Gay Glacier issue was that **Newsweek** didn't feature the same story.

The treatment was predictable: mildly scandalous snapshots, quotes from around the nations (Nice to know the Bronx still has fathers, not just slums). Glory-hole peeks into gay bars (Must be harder for the sucking Toms to take notes under the NEW brighter lights). The usual double-cross gossip from both hard-core and powder-puff psychologists. An abbreviated Gay lexicon (Hopefully to let the outs inside — keeping in mind that dropping the

lingo does not suggest penetration) at best a ho-hum item, yet revealing the researchers' linguistic puberty. For who after Gertrude doesn't know that a queen is a queen is a queen . . . An arresting footnote: Americans ought to know the word "gay" has had a long history of dictionary deviance (even the word is queer) and to stand forewarned of its corruptive powers.

Time wisely chose to not trace its own homophobic history. Just why we have been their perennial whipping boys is anyone's guess. It should warm our giddy heart to witness **Time** keeping up with the times — no longer referring to use a victims of a "pernicious illness."

It should surprise no one that early into the article, **Time** would drop its reportorial pants and sermonize Straight America not to let us go too far. The family must be protected. Gays have been loathed the world over and throughout history. We're warned not to strain the nation's budding tolerance.

After all, enough is enough!

(to be continued)

Paul-Francis Hartmann

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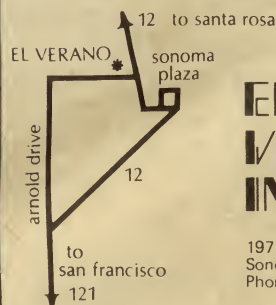
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Show Biz In Review

By Donald McLean

Stage:

Blithe Spirit

Now appearing thru Sept. 28th at Dovre Hall is Noel Coward's witty ghost-story, *Blithe Spirit*. Since I waited until the second weekend of its run to see this production by the newly formed Trilogy Productions, many of the audibility complaints recorded from opening night had vanished and the waiters now only serve between acts, so as not to distract from the performance.

Noel Coward is unquestionably one of the most difficult playwrights to perform. His plays require a lightness of touch, an arch style of mannered comedy, yet a firm sense of reality to make the mountainous volumes of

brittle dialogue sound sincere and believable, even in unbelievable situations. Virtually nothing physical ever happens in a Coward play, aside from lighting a cigarette or sipping a cocktail, so his success must rise and fall upon actors who know the craft of playing highly subtle drawing room comedy.

Fortunately, director Carl Berry found two excellent leads for this all-male production. Reggie Blaine is the perfect Coward leading lady. As Ruth Condomine, second wife of Charles competing with his dead-but-not-gone first wife Elvira, Blaine has captured the exact right tone without sacrificing a single nuance... or laugh. He is beautifully matched by Joe Campanella as Charles, and in their all-too-brief scenes together, the audience sees Coward at its best. Campanella manages to play suave sophistication with virility, elevating Charles from a foppish prig to a

believably urbane man. It takes balls to make Coward work.

Several of the other cast members, while they could pass the physical, fall into the Coward trap of playing all those clever lines. Jim Richey, as the flamboyant Madame Arcati, misses totally. His Arcati is a silly, fashionable busybody, not the local village character, not a free spirited famous authoress and medium, not a woman who believes implicitly in her rare gift (real or not). He gives us a caricature in a monotonous sing-song lilting voice that swallows whole lines and sails through laughs with total unconcern. The blame for this interpretation must be shared with director Berry, who obviously decided to make Arcati the Mrs. Olsen of England.

Andrew Barron, as the ghostly Elvira, has to fight an atrocious costume and hairdo that make him look like just another guest for dinner, not a deceased spirit. His Elvira is affend bitchy, certainly qualities Elvira possesses, but without the light mischievous charm that makes Elvira an appealing imp instead of a spoiled brat. In the third act, it works perfectly, but Barron needs to build to it, not enter with it. He has a definite flair with high comedy; it just needs a lighter touch to play against the bitchiness of the script.

Many people seem very disgruntled at Berry's direction of Edith the maid, played as a sub-moronic klutz. But the obvious low broad physical comedy is needed to furnish a break in all that snappy dialogue and give the audience a chance to rest their ears. I didn't find it all that jarring, and some of the bits are hysterical. Tadd Waggoner plays the role, and whether you agree with the interpretation or not, he plays it beautifully. And William Howard is just dandy as the butler. Cliff Reynolds and Kreemah Ritz play the Bradmans like Jiggs and Maggie of cartoon fame.

Carl Berry's direction is fluid and fast paced and wisely recaptures the Merrie England of the 30's, though so many rich opportunities are overlooked for Arcati business-wise it's sinful. The costumes, with the exception of the

ghost gowns, are splendid, the set by Cliff Reynolds is nicely rustic, and Trilogy Productions has mounted a generally handsome production. But it remains for Blaine and Campanella to ignite the sparks that furnish the excitement in this uneven but interesting production.

(*Blithe Spirits* will play a special matinee on Sunday, Sept. 28th, at 2:00 P.M. for all you 'night people'.)

Stage:

Odyssey

A giant sloth stumbled into town a few weeks ago, staggered blindly into the Curran Theatre and fell gasping onto the stage before a benumbed audience. The pitiful creature's name is *Odyssey*, an erstwhile show that gives new meaning to the word tedium.

What is bad about this show can be summed up in two words — book and music. The opening song is a dismal ditty entitled *300 Days*, which is what the ensuing two hours seem like. The show is wisely performed with no intermission, so that after you drift off fifteen minutes into the show, you can enjoy an uninterrupted rest. If you think I am being unnecessarily harsh, go see for yourself...and bring your Posturepedic.

For the record, the show is about the final tribulations of Odysseus, King of Ithaca, trying to reach home before his "perfect wife" Penelope must remarry to save their son's life. Odysseus is written as a well-meaning buffoon beset by bad luck, Penelope barbers and banters gaily with her ominous sutors as if on loan from *Private Lives*, and their son seems more concerned about getting laid than getting killed. Erich Segal is credited with the script, Mitch Leigh wrote the insipid score and Albert Marre is the pedestrian director.

The entire cast deserves cheers just for showing up for work. Yul Brynner plays the King of Siam to perfection (and has for 25 years), Joan Diener and Russ Thacker try valiantly, and only Martin Vidnovic and P.J. Mann manage to offer a few brief moments of genuine theatrical interest.

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Joan Diener surrounded by amorously balletic suitors in "Odyssey."

It's one of those shows that you keep thinking "It's got to get better any minute now!"...and it never does.

Film: Sodom and Gomorrah

Just when we were beginning to think it was myth perpetuated by the Mitchell Bros., *Sodom and Gomorrah* opened at long last at the O'Farrell Theatre. This \$600,000 porn extravaganza has had more advance ballyhoo than *Gone With The Wind*. The majority of the budget seems to have been spent on cucumbers; there is more sex with cucumbers than with other human beings (so that's what sodomy is! One man, one cucumber). And for all the abundance of sex (auto-fellatio means 'love thyself'), it's a strangely sexless film. No one seems to enjoy having sex in the movie; it's as if they're all waiting for the director to holler "Lunch!"

The script by James and Artie Mitchell and Billy Boyer is a tongue-in-cheek treatment about Lot and his family arriving at Sodom 1980 B.C., the same time a chimpanzee astronaut and his human cohort decide to destroy the city because both the cohort and the King of Sodom lust for Leah, daughter of Lot. But because the King is impotent, sodomy is the only legal method of having sex, which is a bummer to the populace.

The cast is exceptionally good. Sean Brancato sneers and snivels wonderfully well as the frustrated King of Sodom, Jacquie Brody as Lot's shrewish wife reveals a nice flair for dialogue as well as cucumber copulation, porn veterans George S. McDonald and Tyler Reynolds provide the beefcake appeal (McDonald especially deserves praise; to perform sodomy in a tree takes nerves of steel and good aim), and the sweaty extras yell convincingly on cue.

S&G is not bad, it's just a disappointment after the big buildup. It's no better or worse than a dozen other films of this genre, but the attempts at satirical comedy are sohpomoric and the orgy scenes more listless than lusty and choppy edited.

If *Sodom & Gomorrah* had been made as a straight hardcore film depicting the depravity of the last seven days before destruction, it would probably have been infinitely more

successful. It's the cutesy touches that make it limp.

Capsule Reviews:

BOBBY SHORT, with his faultless vocal/piano stylings, sailed into the Venetian Room for ten days with an abundance of almost forgotten show standards and gave us a thoroughly captivating hour of entertainment. Aside from *Losing My Mind* from *Follies* and *What I Did For Love* from *A Chorus Line* (exquisitely performed), he concentrated on the oldies. Rodgers & Hart, Porter, a dash of Berlin and a lowdown DeSylva, Henderson & Brown medley had the room of ardent devotees sighing with the pleasure of people who've overstuffed at a banquet and feel they may never need to eat again. It was a



Sean Brancato contemplates the joys of impotency in "Sodom & Gomorrah."

(Continued Next Page)

elegance



Photo, courtesy Graber Co

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filling performance by a first-rate showman.

I suppose I had best get accustomed to a steady barrage of red, white and blue for the next Bicentennial year, but after seeing RINGLING BROS. BARNUM BAILEY CIRCUS this year, it's going to be difficult without Malox. A fine array of acts this year, with Gunther Gebel Williams still the masterful star, but that Tribute to the Bicentennial finale was enough to gag Betsy Ross. Oh well, it was flashy and Omaha will love it, but I do think a bespangled girl hanging in mid-air to the Liberty Bell by her teeth is a bit too much!

I never walk out on shows; I will endure almost anything to the bitter end, but I went to Bimbo's 365 to see THE TUBES. The show started 45 minutes late, and after 45 minutes more, I fled. I gather The Tubes are supposed to be satirists of the current trends, but satire is no excuse for second-rate. They're loud, noisy, energetic, gimmicky and spasmodically entertaining, but after 45 minutes and despite some clever staging by Kenny Ortega, I found nothing musically redeeming or original to warrant what often looked like little more than high school variety show.



Archie Bunker holds hands with Lori Shannon — little does he know!
Photo, courtesy of C.B.S.

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FOTO GRAPHICS & CINEMA

Television:

**Shannon Meets
Bunker**

Lori Shannon, currently appearing at Finocchio's, will be seen as Beverly LaSalle, professional female impersonator/transvestite, on Monday night,

Sept. 29th, at 9 P.M. on *All In The Family*. When Archie Bunker gives mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a transvestite, you can guess his reaction: there ain't enough Lavoris in the world to cure that dilemma! Or, as Edith Bunker says, "You're a transvestite? Gee, you don't even have an accent!!" The C.B.S. Eye now has long mascared lashes.

"So long for a while, that's all the songs....."

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Sweetlips Sez

Marks for Mayor. Nice to have seen Mr. and Mrs. Marks at the Coronation of Emperor IV, Mike Caringi. It was the largest Ball the city has had so far. Thank you Bob Cramer for a fun filled and well accomplished year. Thank you Tom and Keith for escorting Lips and a special thanks to Herman for the gown and makeup. I felt great and thoroughly enjoyed the Ball, what with the Nick Jordan Orchestra and watching Bella dance. Congrats to Jim, the January Vector Cover Boy. Sorry Bobby Calhoun. Stop in and say hello to Doug and Fred at the Club Turkish Baths on Turk St. It is till one of the cleanest and best run 'baths' in the city. Don't forget the 19th of October is the Coronation of Rose Empress XVIII in Portland and a lot of fun events are planned. Be seeing you Mame and Darcelle. You can make reservations through Bob Cramer or Wally Rutherford. The Ball is at the Hilton Hotel and everyone is staying at the Hilton this time. So don't miss it. The Church Street Station had a pre-Ball party and limos transporting people to and from the ballroom. The Hideaway bar was very lovely decorated in flowers and greenery.

The city was inundated with hordes of beautiful people for the Coronation week. How can you say anything but a great big 'Thank you' to all. So much fun was had that week that I think we all need a vacation. The Emperor and Empress of Alaska were heaven. So were you Lola of the Annex, in Seattle. But what did you do in the Lips' ladies room during the picnic on Monday? Thank you Keith and Bella for all the work doing the trees and sandwiches. Little Ray, the Emperor of Vancouver, you are heaven. And a special thank you to Big Beautiful George of Orange County for Danny (formerly of the Nothing Special) is now holding forth at Cardi's on upper Market St., on Sat., Sun. & Monday nights. So drop in and say Hi. The Yacht Club has Schatzie doing the honors in the kitchen and as usual, the food is just great and you are always sure of running into old friends. So drop in and say Hi to the great chef.

There is going to be a fantastic New Look at the Gangway. Joe Roland and Roger Hall are doing a sensational new job on decor. Do you have the newest button. Air France's "Have you ever done it the French Way" They are hard to get, but the Lips has one. They have already started on the face lift of Henri. They started on the finger, but why that finger, Henri? Have you seen the sensational Billboard of Sweet Lips on the side of the Kokpit? You'd better hurry up, cause it has to be removed to be used as a back drop for the number that Lips will be doing at Dahl & Penn's in Portland on Saturday, before the Coronation.

Yes, Friends of Dorothy, the SFTG will be having a picnic this year. Thank you, Henri. Thank you Fern of the Q.T. for the dance at the Ball. You and Warren were heaven. At long last, the TGSF has found a fabulous sport for another one of their fabulous picnics. Never has been exposed before to the gay community, but now operated by one of our former San Francisco resident bar operators. And close in, too. Many of the people who came into the Kokpit during the Day After Coronation Picnic felt right at home. It looked like Land's End. So thick were the trees and bushes

brought in, that there was very little room for the drinking customers. When they retired the decorators, they found Rose Buckley sleeping under a jacaranda tree, like at home.

Joe Roland did it again. Brunch with Dady Joe at the Gangway was the usual success that everyone knew it would be. Such gorgeous food and all FREE, too. What famous former San Francisco chef is now the hamburger fry cook at an upper Market St. fast food operation?

Hope to see all of the gorgeous people of San Francisco patronizing T.G. bars. Remember, they are the bars that treat you right and give you more for your money.

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Curt Remarks

By Curt Bryan

Congratulations, Fox!!!

Well, by now, whatever you haven't heard or don't remember about the Coronation and its attendant festivities couldn't be of much news interest or consequence. Anyone who cares was there and knows how well Bob Cramer and his Cable Car Court transformed what is usually an unbearably boring mess into an organized, well-shaped and very well received Coronation Well. The Ball culminated an exemplary year — a year-long act that no one would be anxious to follow. Bob's single greatest contribution has to be the public respect generated for the office by an astute, hard-working, and

popular achiever. The Offices of the Emperor and the Empress unquestionably influence one another and I can't but believe that Bob's personal flair and his court's commitment to caring for our own through the various gay foundations spurred the Daisy Court to its fullest achievement in the form of Oz.

But, now there is a new man on the throne and a lot of old chins still on the ballroom floor. Michael Carangi, the Fox, is selecting his Fox Court and there is every reason to expect an eventful and enthusiastic year. Mike, I'm still glowing with the joy of your victory — glowing and surprised, to be honest. The eleven vote margin is as much a tribute to Hector as it is a reason for the two of you to now share ideas, talents, resources and support for the sake of the office and its continually increasing integrity.

apublic announcement

Attention! If any of you know Ken Morgan, the Mouse of Castro Village, you'll want to rummage through your important papers and add these names to the list of places you can't take him: Southern California, the deserts and Indian reservations of Arizona and New Mexico, Colorado, Las Vags, or **anywhere** in Texas. He peed on the Painted Desert to see if the colors would run, scandalized the Petrified Forest by trying to "sit" on the largest hard things he'd ever seen, played cowboy with the Indians, Indians with the cowboys, stole the show and my tricks in Vegas and gave a whole new interpretation to "deep in the heart of Texas" that would make the Alamo crumble. Any noted similarities between the Mouse and the Grand Canyon are so obvious that I'll just say thank-you for eleven of the highest, happiest and most promising days I've ever known in too long. I'd elaborate further but feel that any explanations of my marital affairs are as

private as they are unnecessary (to some) and boring (to most)

FORWARD THINKING

What with the list of probable Empress candidates being as stable and credible as the projected completion of Market Street, the new game of conjecture for the desperately bored seems to be picking up those who are being preened and plucked for Empress XII or Emperor V. Hmmm, both lists start with the name Tony.

POPULARITY PAYS — BUT WHO?

Its past time that our organizations, causes, events, etc. were judged on their intrinsic merits and potentials and not according to whomever the chairman or founder or figurehead may be. To boycott, with or without fanfare, an event or product because of a dubious profit distribution or a promoter's bad taste can be as effective as it is commendable. However, to malign a productive and sorely needed charitable operation or a beneficial fundraiser because of the man most visible in its promotion and most responsible for its continuance constitutes a sad and dangerously destructive pettiness that is surely beneath the proven quality of gay mentality in San Francisco. Case in point: The Helping Hands Center and Ray Broshears.

This isn't likely to engender popular sentiment in some circles, but since those referred to neither pay my bills, share my bed nor sign my paychecks, I have as little fear of their scorn as I have respect for those with a flair for the obvious. More specifically, I refer to those in our midst who mouth charity-this, and community-service-that as a justification for any or all personal motivations but let the one most immediately beneficial operation — a charity in the truest sense — falter almost to the point of death. You all know the sort I mean — to them the act of raising or giving money, publicly of course, is primary and more glorious than the manner in which it is



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ultimately used or for whom. These hypocrites will indiscriminately raise funds at the amplified or printed drop of their name but will shun, even slander, what may be the most urgently needed of centers because they don't happen to like, and therefore cannot see past, the man up-front. Behind him, relying on him sometimes in desperation, are the myriad people many of us aren't comfortable around much less can relate to readily.

No one else is rushing forward to help the unknown or unwanted with such generosity muchless his fervor. And few return and acknowledge of those who received a Helping Hand when no one else offered them Pride, or Concern or SIRvices. Many of our more prominent figures are ashamed to admit they needed, much less received from a Center that has now been forced to reduce space and services because of their apathy.

I'm not trying to canonize the Reverend — I'll leave that to him in his weaker, lesser moment. I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't confess to irritation, even embarrassment when Ray's political rhetoric and ranting invectives overshadow his endlessly, selflessly reaching out to the less fortunate. Nor am I lobbying for a radical reversal of priorities in the area of fund raising. However, there **must** be a median point from which we can be more discerning about where we direct our energies and financial resources.

Consider the staggering amount of money raised this year alone by our community and earmarked for 'charity.' Not **all** charities, though, just the "pet" charities, the distant, glossy, board-administered ones. There is an inexcusable imbalance here. Why couldn't some sort of help come from SIR or Operation Concern, both generously funded, enthusiastically supported and one nebulous at times about who is benefiting at what cost with what results.

We decry and bemoan (and regretfully so) despicable murders on one side of town and sicken to think that the horror may be compounded if these atrocities were inflicted **on** gays **by** gays. Yet when a brother or sister ignores another where a meal, a bed, shoes or an understanding and instantly accessible shoulder might sustain body or spirit until that person needs only his own hands to help himself — **then** doesn't cold indifference amount to a kind of murder? If some part of a man dies — health, hope, job, home or spirit — because those who **could** help wouldn't, due to personal tastes or third-person political differences — **that's** murder too.

Helping Hands Center is not dead, yet. It is diminished but alive. Its not glamorous or likely to be an imperial pet charity but, by God, any help given is redistributed immediately for all to see and to all who need.

HELLO, PRINCES, WELL HELLO.

When a bloc of the most experienced, best financed, well-placed, highly regarded and, in general, powerful heads approach the same Princess within 24 hours of the Coronation Ball to request an application for Empress, could anyone think the race is already won by the lady in red? This particular group **could** make **anyone** an Empress but will have an easier time of it now that they've all settled on someone so well known and loved anyway. By the way, there isn't any positive proof that Flame is

(Continued Next Page)



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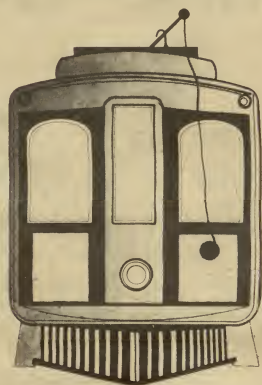
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considering amending the title to **Goddess de San Francisco**, but as they say 'one entrance is worth a 1000 words ...

FURTHERMORE

Each of us have a number of things we could list that make us fortunate by our own reckoning. I could list all the obvious one you'd find inside a Hallmark Card but among the very top few on my list would be the opportunity for education afforded me by working for Bob Ross of B.A.R. and the Church Street Station. He's a man I respect and stand in awe of second to none in this state. It is, therefore, with a certain disappointment that I have to deny your suspicion, Bob, that I am the Joker. I know it would account for the irregularity of my columns lately, but personal head

transitions are closer to the real reason for skipping issues now and then. Besides, I'd give my left something-or-other to be as incisive, informed and of as balanced a wit as the current joker is. Now that I think of it, the overall quality in most bar rags have increased considerably. Witness (besides the new Joker) Donald Cameron Scott, Joe Lord's **Gaystrology** in Data-Boy, the Sentinel's Charles Lee and Tom Edward's recent article on doctors and drug-abuse. Even the Jailbird has evidenced some very well thought out columns, allowing himself no longer to be an unwitting mouthpiece for devious and cowardly 'sources.' AND if memory serves me, Kish used to completed sentences in his last column!

See you all at the Station,
Curt

Polk St. Sally

By Dixon

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Letter From Mole End

Dear John:

Here is the country Mole, reporting on this year's mosquito invasion, which is being fought off with massive amounts of citronella. Along the North Coast, people do not wear *Je reviens* or *Aramis*: they wear citronella or *Off!*, and apply it three or four times daily at all their pulse points. We burn incense in the bed room to keep the buggers (the mosquitoes, that is) away, and put citronella in the kerosene lamps in the rest of the house, evenings, for the same reason. Thank God, the stuff's cheap. Our mosquitoes come out of the estivation almost immediately after Labor Day, in droves.

The big event around here last month was Ft. Bragg's annual extravaganza in honor of the logger's ideal, 'Paul Bunyan Days.' The library had its annual book sale, there was a gem show with lots of cut-and-polished agates and so on, the Fuchsia Society had a show at the Redmen's Hall, and there were three parades: the old-fashioned costume parade, the parade-parade (fire engines in this one) and the kiddies' parade. I think the highlight of the entire weekend, which is prepared for by all the merchants and most of the townspeople months in advance, was missing the kiddies' parade by a full hour. It gave me time to do full justice to the United Churches' bazaar, which featured such all-time favorites as cobweb wands (bamboo sticks thirty inches long with nylon-net blossoms at the end for getting the spider webs out of corners — something I do with an old T-shirt wrapped around a broom), and multi-colored candles dyed with old crayon bits (great for entertaining kids on rainy days, but who has kids?).

Living in the country is very different from living in the city. Living in the country means getting up at an ungodly hour with a massive hangover because the goats have to be milked. (Yes, I am milking the goats.) And then having the best milker step on one's left foot, hard. Living in the country means not running out of cigarettes because the nearest store is four and a half miles away, and Safeway is twelve miles away, and you have to plan ahead, dammit. Living in the country means starting now to cut deadwood out of your woods for winter, because winter is cold and electricity is expensive and there's no gas heat. Living in the country means being careful with water until the rains come because, even though it hasn't happened on your property in thirty years, the well might run dry anyway, and if the well runs dry the plumbing won't work, so all the water does at least double duty.

When one has to, one can make water last a long time. The other day, I ran a bucket of hot water and added a cup of ammonia. On this bucket of water, I managed to wash the windows throughout the house, scrub the kitchen floor, and do the bathroom fixtures. The wash water that drains from the washing machine is hooked into a hose which I move, load by load, and water the flowers with. I soak-wash the dishes, and then rinse them under slowly running hot water — pots and pans last. When I take a bath, after the water is cool, a

potted plant or two gets a good soaking. (No bubblebaths anymore).

Living in the country means going out into the garden with a dishpan to pick the vegetables and salad greens for dinner, and changing the dinner menu is something you planned on it not ready to pick. Living in the country is putting up berries for the winter — picking them one at a time, rinsing them very quickly, letting them drain for a few minutes and then lining a salvaged jar (peanut butter jars are great for this because they go straight to the top) with a plastic bag from Safeway and filling the bag, freezing the berries in the bag in the jar, and then removing the bag full of berries so that the jar can be used to can tomato relish. The bag keeps its frozen shape; the berries are delicious in pies and on pancakes, and the jar lasts for years.

Living in the country means that you can walk out on your side porch and not hear another human being, no matter what time of day it is. It means never having to listen to the No. 24 struggle over Castro over the hill. It means that you listen when you really hear a siren, and follow the sound because the fire department is all volunteers and you're in the neighborhood, so you do help.

Living in the country means feeding the chickens and gathering the eggs; planting seeds and praying the frost will keep off because the cauliflower needs a couple more days of sun; watching your favorite duck elude all ten pursuers and escape into a deep patch of Scotch broom; waking up to a dozen different bird songs, wearing sensible shoes instead of platform heels; trading horse manure for extra strawberry plants; going to the creek for sand for the potting

shed and bringing back buckets full of good aluvial muck for fertilizer.

It also means working very hard, and going to bed very, very tired.

You can tell the city people from residents here, almost at a glance. City people wear sunglasses. They walk carefully, as though the ground were going to give way. They ask which part of the squash plant is edible (right after you've shown them a fully developed squash on the same plant). They stand outside the goatyard when they meet the goats, because they might step in the shit if they went inside. They light fires in every fireplace and stove in the house as soon as they get up, which is around three hours after everybody else is up, and then wander away from the heat and complain how chilly the weather is. They ask how anybody can get anywhere without a taxi or a bus. They spend money.

For the first time in almost a dozen years, I can see the stars at night. I'm starting to be interested in which ones are which, when there's no fog. Looking at stars, after years of streetlights, almost doubles my respect for astrology. I had forgotten how many stars there are, up there. Unfortunately, in the North Coast area, the fog is about as frequent as it is from Fourth Avenue out to the Beach in San Francisco, so star-gazing is a treat, rather than a steady occupation.

The cats are adjusting, slowly, to having acres of backyard to play in. And I'm learning a lot of things about odor-control and animals. One thing that I have discovered is that a layer of cornstarch put on an "accident" and then tended with damp newspaper is very effective in making a room habitable

until the rug is dry. Obviously, one has to wash the accident up, first, and then put on the cornstarch. I sift it over the entire accidental area with my flour sifter, so that it's even and not lumpy. A day or two later, it just vacuums up, and disappears.

Another thing I've discovered about pets — about cats, that is — is that they need more than buttered paws to settle inot surroundings. I don't even know whether buttering their paws helped a little; it took days to calm them down. They hate car-travel...

Robb told me about something for ferns — they like a little bit of milk, now and again. We rinse out the just-emptied milk and buttermilk jars with just a little bit of water, less than a half-cup, and put the rinsings on the ferns and the rubber tree, and they are thriving. Don't ask me how it works — it just does. We rotate which ferns get the milk so that they have a drink of it only about twice a month.

I've been gathering pine-cones lately, and putting them in grocery bags in the garage for kindling later on. A couple of pine-cones and a candle stub will start even the most badly composed fire and get it roaring in a short time. I think the candle stubs are more available to you than pine cones are, but you might try it with rolled newspaper.

We are sheet-composting the garden, this year, rather than building compost heaps. It's a method Robb worked out a few years ago, and involves two things: rottable garbage and a shovel. We dig a flat, not very narrow trench about three feet long and a foot and a half deep, and then spread two or three days' vegetable trimmings (what

(Continued Next Page)

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didn't go into the soup) and coffee grounds across the trench, covering it over with only the dirt we dug up and then watering it along with the rest of the garden. In the meantime, I'm beginning a compost pile out behind the garage, and putting in the grass clippings, berry vine trims, dead flowers, and so forth, and layering it with rotten straw from the goat, and an occasional bonanza of road-side horse manure. I don't plan on having a suitable compost for a couple of months, so half the kitchen garbage goes into the sheet-composting. I never had heard of that method — only knew about the *composed* compost — but this year's vegetable crop, which has been very good, was a result of sheeting the compost, so I can recommend it from personal experience. The one thing we're careful about is not to plant any seeds in an area that has been dug in until the compst is thoroughly rotted, which takes about six weeks to two months, depending on the amount of available sun and water. But we're doing the sheet composting in areas which are paths at the moment, so the cover weeds are turned over/under at the same time, and space is not lost. The paths won't be garden patches until next spring, most of them and it only takes a bit of remembering to figure out how old a compost spot is — the snow peas we just put in at the north end of the garden, along the fence, are on top of three-month-old sheet compost, and they germinated in about half the time it usually takes.

It is not true that goats eat tin cans — but they *will* eat a person's shirt: you should see the hole in one of mine that resulted from a moment's surprise on my part. I thought she was just sniffing until I felt the shirt give way!

Give my love to all the folks at home, especially Sally, and write a letter once in a while. We go into town for mail two or three times a week. Peter, the Mole

Southern Scandals

By Mr. Marcus

The glittering spectacle of the crowning of the fourth Emperor of San Francisco unfolded before the eyes of some 2,000 enthusiastic spectators in the main ballrooms of the Sheraton Palace last Saturday night. The disarmingly delightful Empress IV Reba was selected to bring the tally sheets to outgoing Emperor III Bob Cramer and to bring to the dias our new Emperor, Mike (The Fox) Carangi. The preceding months prior to Saturday night were filled with campaign parties and much merry-making by all three candidates in an effort to swing support their way. There was an 11-point margin in the voting that everyone knew would be close. The out-of-town courts made glamorous presentations to outgoing Bob Cramer, the most notable being by Emperor Walt and Empress Pepe of Anchorage. Our own Empress Doris shared the dias with Bob for the entire evening and received the adoration and admiration of everyone in attendance. The elevation of Dixon Olivieri to the permanent title of Imperial Crown Prince of San Francisco was a highlight of the evening and my thanks to Ralph Rotten, David Saurer, Ray Hedges, Jerry Prewitt and Joel Coleman for their assistance in this ceremony. Emperor III Bob will now assume the position of Chairman of the Council of Emperors for the following year. Deno Thomas was named Miss Cowgirl in view of the fact that the winner, June Cowan has left the city for another state, and the ownership of the title was given to the Office of the Emperor to be conducted in a city-wide election henceforth. Congratulations to the council of Emperors and the Candidate Review Board for giving San

Francisco and all the out-of-town guests a truly beautiful evening, and especially to Randy Johnson and Wally Rutherford who had the very difficult job of MC'ing the entire evening. Congratulations to Michael Carangi, our new Emperor; I am sure I speak with credibility when I say you have the entire support of the community and may you have a happy, prosperous and rewarding reign over your loyal subjects.

☆☆☆

The Warlocks M/C will stage their 14th Anniversary Run to Lake San Antonio next weekend. The theme is in a Greek motif and the run cost is only \$25.00. This run promises to be one of the finest of the year, so if you haven't got your application in, contact one of the flying red W's and get signed up.

The Knights of Malta of SF have announced their *Knight Mare* run the weekend of October 17, 18 and 19. The run includes trophies for bike and non-bike events, 24-hour open bar and prizes for the most horrible campsite and Broomhilda's Knight Mare Show. The run is limited to 100 persons and costs \$30 before October 1st and \$35 afterward. Don't miss this one!

☆☆☆

There's still time to sign up for Tantra, the Joy of Sex Workshop to be conducted this weekend by Stan Russell. The cost of this extraordinary experience is only \$50 and from all reports from gay men who have experienced it, it is cosmically enlightening and helpful for our life style. Call 826-8803 or 332-2149 for further information.

☆☆☆

Out of the Mouths of Babes...
Congratulations to Tony Lasagna of the

House of Harmony who is the newest baby (member) of the SF Serpents M/C. Sweet Chariot, that hot all-women's band will be appearing at Wildside West in Oakland this Saturday night and at the Driftwood in Hayward on the 27th. They will also be playing the benefit for the Lesbian Mothers at Sutor Baths (all women's night) on Thursday, Oct. 16th. This will be the FIRST all-women's night at Sutor and it does sound like a hot night. Jesus Christ Satan has announced his candidacy for Mayor of San Francisco as a write-in candidate but you better write out his full name which is several lines long when you do write it in. The Beaux Arts Ball is coming up on October 25th at the fabulous Hyatt Regency Hotel, the theme this year being "The Movies" - watch for more new on this fun event, very soon. There are five persons who have submitted their applications for Empress XI de San Francisco and they are: Voodoo, Dolli, Ginger, Flame and Jane Doe, so look out for some hot parties in the coming weeks if they are all accepted as candidates. Golden Dildeaux Winner, Bob Reed of the Castro Cafe is on another vacation in Missouri and reports that the "meat" in the Midwest is "big" and "tender," so lets hope to see some of it on the menu at the Cafe. New leather shop in Mike's Corral in Long Beach called "Fist-a-Cuffs" - next time you're in the Southland, stop in and say Hi to Skip and Jack who are definitely dynamite men. While I appreciate the accolades accorded me by one James Rucklehouse in Data Boy's letters to the editor, I do not approve of your elevation of other columnists in ANY paper and who asked you? Miss Flame, you DID pee when you were presented at the Emperor's Coronation last Saturday night and anyone who says anything to the contrary could only be jealous. Watch for the grand opening of the Golden Rivet on 9th St., between Market & Mission - the new manager is someone you **ALL** know, but more about that later. A new dance bar opening soon in the building that formerly houses the Royal Palace, to be called Back Street. Have you met that hunky Roy in the Hideaway Bar of Church Street Station? Check him out and welcome home to Curt Bryan who says he had a great honeymoon in Texas with the Mouse of you know which Village. Ron Ross, you did a great job on the program for the Emperor Coronation. The Boot Camp celebrating their 4th Anniversary all this week and that hunky Jerry Geiger was the winner of the Mr. Fun Buns contest on Monday night - what a hunk - watch for him. Don't forget the Roasting of La Kish at the 527 Club later this month and speaking of the 527, is it true that Earl, the Waiter, was fired once too many times, so went down and registered the title, "The Godfather?" Well.....? Stop in and say hi to Donn, Ray and Darryl at FeBe's soon and elcome home to Don Geist who's been away for a few months. Congratulations to Jim Ostlund who won the Vector Cover Man contest at SIR last Sunday and to the three emperors who were signing autographs there on "unmentionables," Hi Russ and Bob. That ends it for this issue, ladies and gentlemen - love one another and now unite behind our new Emperor Mike. Special thanks to David for the experience of YOU.

Love you all,
Mister Marcus

other side



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Imperial Newsletter

HER MAJESTY, THE EMPRESS,
DORIS X

By Ray Gustafson

I extend my warmest felicitations to the newly elected Emperor of San Francisco, Michael Caringi. My Daisy Court and I are looking forward to working with Mike and we feel confident our three months of reign together will be prolific and exciting. The Candidates for Emperor IV were all well qualified and each man deserves credit and respect for their fair and informative campaigns. Emperor Mike and My first Official Presentation, representing San Francisco, will be at the Los Angeles Coronation on September 28th.

The Coronation's Week Festivities, culminating with the Coronation Ball was beautifully organized by Emperor Bob and his Cable Car Court. Bob has really given his all during the past year and his merits are recognized throughout the West Coast. San Francisco should be very proud of Bob.

I wish to thank publically, Bob Leshem and Ed Walsh for making and designing My gowns worn at the Coronation. They are truly great fabric designers and I especially enjoyed wearing a reproduction of Dorothy's dress from "The Wizard of Oz." We are pleased to announce that the profits from "Oz" have now reached more than \$12,000 for Operation Concern. The financial statement will be completed soon.

It was a pleasure for me to Chairman the Arrangement Committee for Emperor Mike's first official function, S.I.R.'s Fall Fair, which was a huge success. Special thanks to Daisy Court Members: Charlotte, Rennis, Larry Eppinette, Chuck Chateau, Rich Carle and to Lee Raymond for their time and effort. Everyone had a delightful time, while earning more than \$5,000 for S.I.R.

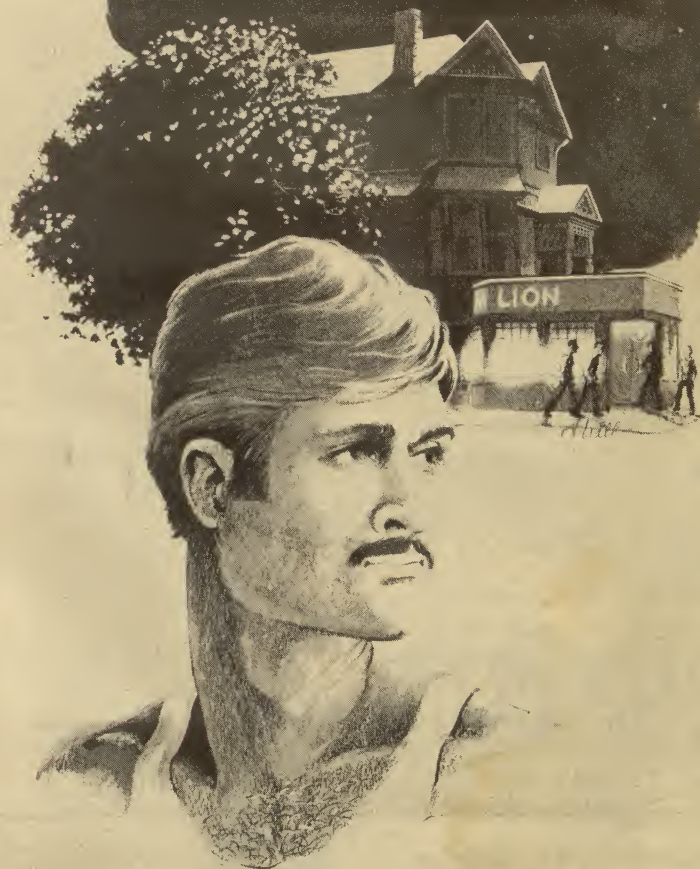
My love and appreciation to all the visiting Royalty from Alaska to San Diego for their graciousness shown to me during their visit.

The theme for the Beaux Art is "Saturday Night at the Movies," and will be held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel, October 25, 1975. We are expecting an extremely large turn-out, along with the excitement of the Ball itself, the Candidates for Empress XI de San Francisco will also be announced and presented. My Daisy Court is promising a fantastic evening and we will again have the talent of Chuck Zinn, The Imperial Lord Chamberlain. Posters and tickets will be available within the next couple of weeks.

Please do not miss Czarina de Trinity Alley, Reggie, in "Blythe Spirit," currently running week-ends at Dove Hall. Reggie has had some very deep disappointments during the past few years in the Theater. He has been cast three times in shows that ultimately never opened. He's been patient and now is being rewarded with the raves he justly deserves from his flawless performance of Ruth, in the production.

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This-a And That-a By Lou Greene

Wally and his companion were up here from Pascagoula, Mississippi to attend the San Franciscans' Chuckwagon Run and other social functions. While here they gave me a copy of their newsletter called "Small Talk" by the Mini-Bikers M.C. of Miss. All the members are under 5'5" and the first paragraph of their news letter reads like this: "We, the Mini-Bikers M.C. have as our first official act conducted a random survey of urinals in the bars catering the the L/L crown. In all cases we were forced to either stand on tiptoes or piss in our boots. The findings are: In St. Louis, the Fareway's urinal was 25 3/4" high; the Windjammer in Kansas City, 24 1/2"; Denver, the 1942 was 25 1/2" etc. We must, in all fairness, say there is occasionally a silverlining as when some one else is busy at the urinal and wants us to use their boot or leg. We have, for too long, suffered, as our vital organs average only 14 inches from the floor. Bars in violation of our civil and natural rights hang their urinal too high and force us into contortions and undignified positions while pissing. We are going to plan a vigorous campaign so that all urinals are dropped to a proper height, and if necessary, will have a 'piss-in' to gain our point. Barowners, you have been forewarned. Good luck!

And now to the sublime. Grand-Ma's in Oakland is featuring Billy de Frank, who continues to entertain an appreciative audience. Be sure to make

reservations for their special Sunday dinners. Call 444-9966 for details. The Revol at 40th and Telegraph, is now a full liquor bar. Well worth while stopping in. The Fox in Hayward, is a favorite after hours hangout on Friday and Saturday nites, serving coffee, soft drinks, pool and of course, your favorite disco hits. And a new revived Turf Club in Hayward, all new western decor, double floor space for nitely dancing. New owner, new policy and watch for their Grand Opening. Two big nites of excitement. October 3rd and 4th. I'll see you all there. Across the San Mateo Bridge to Redwood City. The Bayou Lounge has been sold and with the new owners and policy, it is packed Thursdays thru Sundays. Wanna know why? Go find out for yourself. The B.Q. in Palo Alto has really created quite a lot of excitement with their new closed circuit T.V. movies in the lounge. They have innovated so many forms of activities to help keep you content and if you wish, you can even taken a bath. Across the freeway, Sandy's Health Club (formerly the Golden Door Sauna) is a most comfortable old fashioned baths, if you're looking for a place to go, sans all the other diversions. So there, you have the two extremes.

Down to San Jose. The Red Boar, in Cupertino, still does a great job on Wednesday nites with their special Beer Bash. The Savor recently held their most successful Foxy Lady Contest and is

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preparing for the "Groovy Girl Contest," coming on October 12. So Girls, don't say there's nuttin' goin' on for the Gals. For a hot After Hours Place on Fri. and Sat., it's really the Savoy. The Candy Shop has started to jump again with a great Disc Jockey to operate the new sound system. The 641 had their Grand Opening on the 5th. I must say, the L/L guys really needed a bar like this and show it through their patronage. Sincerest best wishes and luck to Mike and staff of the 641 Club. The Paragon is going strong with their weekly shows and now have become a full liquor bar to complete their policies. On Sept. 19, 20 and 21st, they will be featuring the Lady Dee Show; Sept. 26, 27 & 28th, Lee Garland will be returning from his engagement at the Tropicana in Las Vegas, to appear live as Judy. Don't miss this fine act. J.J. Van Dike just finished his usual fine performance this past weekend to a very enthusiastic audience. He's just like an old soldier, he'll just fade away some day but will never die. On Oct. 18th, the Paragon will be the place for Voting and the Coronation of the new San Jose Don. Put this event on your calendar and don't miss it. And NOW, El Patio is really revving up for the Mr. Cowboy contest. John Gray is their candidate, and a party hosted by Mel, Mr. 641, had a fantastic turnout of more than 175 to celebrate. If the enthusiasm continues like this, the Mr. Cowboy contest will have to be held at the Fair Grounds to house everyone. Whatever you do, get involved in the Mr. Cowboy contest and make this event one of the greatest. Check with Mike or his staff at the 641 Club for full details, or by calling in person or phoning

998-9219. To all of the out-of-town bars. If you want your event placed on the bar and restaurant guide and calendar, write or phone before the 20th of the month for a free listing. If you want business or personal news printed in my column, don't be bashful, call me at 626-8484. Also note the new format of B.A.R. The rates are the same, but the Ad space has been doubled so that you are actually getting twice as much for your money and the biggest bargain in the Bay Area. Until my next writing, my best to you always, in all ways.

Love, Lou

October 4th

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going to the office and having to pretend I am
straight and living a double life at work only,
because all others there are straight, so
would prefer to work for gay owned and
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typist, and can run most office machines. I am
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someone will take a chance on me - you won't
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